

The Springfield Sun.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WASHINGTON COUNTY

VOLUME III.

SPRINGFIELD, KY., WEDNESDAY, MAY 29, 1907.

NUMBER 25

The Critic.

A mud-turtle sat on a stone in the sun,
And blinked in a slow, stupid way;
A vain little fly
Came loitering by.
He stopped on that same rock to say:
"You're the ugliest creature that ever I saw;
You are clumsy, and stupid, and slow,
And just how you manage a living at all,
Is a thing I should much like to know."

But the little mud-turtle spoke never a word
As he sat in the sun on the stone;
He merely blinked,
He thought as he winked,
That a wise fly would let him alone.
But the fly had grown proud of his power to torment,
And he buzzed at the mud-turtle's head
Till the turtle at last gave one short little snap,
And the critical insect was dead.

It is really too bad that the fly never knew
That the turtle was wiser than he;
For a creature that thinks
"As it winks and it blinks,
May a dangerous enemy be."
And because one can chatter, and buzz, and annoy
"Is no proof he is clever or wise."
He may do no more good than to serve as the food
For the one whom he feigns to despise.

-Ex.

WELCOME.

(CONTINUED)

A hearty, welcome!

Welcome to our county, to our town
and to our homes! Only pull the latch-
string!

Let us say it with such a cheery good
will and such a friendly hand-clasp as
will leave no doubt that we mean it—
mean it right.

For the first time the schools of the
Blue Grass meet in Springfield and our
people never fail in the hospitality for
which Kentuckians are so justly noted.

And let us prove that we are certain-
ly not lacking in educational enthu-
siasm, which shows that we understand
and appreciate the great good our
schools are doing and that we are keep-
ing abreast in these times of such ad-
vancement in school work.

Let us rise to the bigness of the
event. It will indeed be an honor to
entertain these several hundred rep-
resentative young people from the heart
of our great State. Do we love our
State? The heart of every true Ken-
tuckian responds to "My Old Ken-
tucky!" Let us honor the people who
make her what she is.

Do we care for her greatness in the
future? Then honor her young men
and women to whom we must entrust
her.

Interesting indeed is a gathering of
this kind since in it we see the pros-
pects the fulfillment of our hopes and
our dreams of times yet to be. Not
as selfish contestants for prizes do they
meet, but as generous rivals for honors
that are due to ability and rewards to
those who persevere in the school
room.

We should not look upon these con-
tests as contests merely but keep in
mind the purpose of the Tournament.
It represents a cause second only to
that of Christianity itself, a purpose
peculiarly sacred to the American
heart.

In our schools we find the cream of
our nation's youth. In this meeting
we shall see the cream—the very best
—that the Blue Grass circuit can put
forth, match their abilities.

Let's show our patriotism by our in-
terest in the occasion. See and hear
the contests, learn to know the con-
testants and forecast the future of
them and of our State which must be
the same. They are to take the reins
of government when we fall by the
wayside and we should not only feel an
interest but show how deeply interest-
ed we are in the training which will
enable them to guide the old ship safely
over the schools which may lie in
the future's track. Kentucky has her
great men of the past—some of the

greatest. We think of them with love
and reverence. But she has not reached
the zenith of her glory, and the his-
torian of the coming generation will
not record the deeds of the giants that
were of "those" days only. Men
usually become great early in life and
it is but to-morrow that the time will
have arrived for these young men and
women to make or to mar—to succeed
or to fail. In each individual is centered
the hopes of his parents and his
friends, and in them collectively, that
of the State.

Kentucky's school system is on an
average below the standard. This
should not be so. We should be in the
forefront in this as in other things.
The people are a sovereign power.
We make our schools what they are
and can do with them what we will.
We should keep up the educational
revival recently begun in the State,
and join our efforts to those of the
hundreds of enthusiastic educators,
of whom we will have a representative
body present, to raise our schools to
the very highest state of efficiency. To
say we have good schools implies the
rest.

What a piece of work is man!
How infinite in faculty!
How noble in reason! Train him
aright and he is no man's follower, but
may for himself sound the depths and
shoals and know the way to eternal
happiness.

Our citizens have indeed been gener-
ous. They have cheerfully given every
assistance in finding homes and in pro-
viding for the comfort and entertain-
ment of our guests and in many ways
have helped to make the occasion a
joyous one and an undoubted success.

Convicts Fight.

Frankfort, Ky., May 24.—At the
State penitentiary this afternoon, B.
W. Lockmiller, a convict, cut and, it is
feared, mortally wounded John Hen-
sley, a fellow-inmate. Lockmiller,
who has but one arm, the left, made
five wounds on the head and body of
his victim, narrowly missing the jugu-
lar vein in one slash, with a shoe knife,
and making another wound in the ab-
domen, in which it was necessary to
take sixteen stitches.

Lockmiller was sent up from Mercer
county in May, 1905, for four years for
housebreaking. He is a Tennesseean.
His victim was sent from Breathitt
county in March, 1905, to serve twelve
years upon conviction of murder. The
men were employed in the shoe plant
of the prison, and they quarreled over
some trivial matter. Hensley is said to
have struck Lockmiller with a broom
handle before he drew his knife and
wounded him. Hensley would have
likely been killed instantly but for the
interference of guards of the institu-
tion.

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....LOCAL ROUND-UP....

An Eagle And a Fish.

Mr. John Best, of near Texas, killed
an eagle a few days ago, which measur-
ed five and a half feet from tip to tip.
Mr. Best says that he heard a distur-
bance among his chickens, and suppos-
ing his flock had been attacked by a
hawk picked up his gun and went to
investigate. He was surprised to see a
huge bird on a hillside a short distance
from his chicken lot. After it had re-
mained there for about fifteen minutes
it flew down into a creek, and presently
came forth with a fish. Mr. Best
fired and killed the eagle, and upon in-
vestigation found that he had not only
lost his game but had "caught" a fail
as well. The fish was about twelve
inches long and "made a meal" for
Mr. Bert and family.

Prettiest Woman.

In the Courier-Journal's beauty con-
test Miss Adele C. Torpey, of Louis-
ville, was voted the prettiest woman in
Kentucky. Her picture occupied a
page in the Courier-Journal last Sun-
day. Miss Torpey's photograph was
selected from 1,500 pictures. The
Judges were Mrs. C. C. McChord, of
this place, Gen. Jno. B. Castleman,
Mrs. Chas. P. Weaver, E. B. Tinley
and Harvey Bloomer. Miss Torpey was
reared at Bloomfield.

Miss Williams Married.

Rev. W. H. Williams was in St. Louis Monday and Tuesday, where, on
Tuesday evening, he attended the mar-
riage of his sister, Miss Bessie Wil-
liams, to Mr. Jerome Baxter Pendleton.
After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Pen-
dleton left for a bridal trip through
the South. The groom is prominent in
St. Louis, being a well-known and
prosperous business man. The bride
visited her brother, Rev. Williams,
here last summer, where she won the
admiration of many people.

Ice Cream Parlor.

Mr. C. L. Price has opened an ice cream
parlor in the room which he for-
merly occupied as a saloon. The room
has been nicely fitted for the business—
re-papered, painted and re-modeled.
A pretty linoleum has been put upon the
floor, and, in fact, the interior is ex-
quisitely and tastefully arranged in
every particular. When the new fix-
tures, furniture, etc., are added Mr.
Price will have one of the nicest and
most up-to-date resorts of this kind
ever seen in this section. Besides the
ice cream parlor Mr. Price will handle
soft drinks of all kinds. The Sun pre-
dicts success for the venture. We are
requested by the proprietor to invite the
public to call.

'Possum and 'Possum.

Mr. Ben Powell, of Mackville,
brought to town to-day a mother 'pos-
sum and eleven little ones, which were
captured by a colored man in that sec-
tion yesterday afternoon. They are
ugly little scoundrels, but are much ad-
mired on account of "pie ingredients
they contain." An old colored man
here, after viewing them intently for
several minutes, remarked: "Dem
little 'possums 'an growin' 'pice, an' I's
a looken 'at 'em with admabrahshun!
What you take foh 'em, boss?" he
asked as the water ran out of the con-
tainers of his mouth.

Death of Mr. Janes.

Mr. Nace Janes died at his home at
this place yesterday morning of con-
sumption, after an illness of several
weeks. The deceased was liked by all
who knew him. He was accommodating
and obliging and was ever ready to
lend a helping hand to those in need.
He was a member of the Presbyterian
church, and was a good Christian. He
leaves a wife and several children to
mourn his death, to whom The Sun ex-
tends sympathy. Burial occurred this
morning.

Primary August 3.

At a meeting of the Democratic
County Committee here last Monday
a primary election was called for the
purpose of making a nomination for
Representative. The election will be
held August 3. The call will be printed
in the next issue of The Sun.

Marriage Announcement.

Mr. W. J. Schoene, of Henderson,
Ky., and Miss Rena V. Yankey, of
near town, will be married next Tues-
day, June 4, at the home of the bride's
parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Yankey.
Mr. Schoene is a prosperous young
business man of Henderson, while Miss
Yankey is a pretty and attractive
young woman.

Circuit Court.

Circuit court commenced here Monday
with Judge I. H. Thurman on the
bench. A few minor cases have been
disposed of. Both the civil and the
commonwealth dockets are light, and
it is thought court will adjourn this
week. Commonwealth Attorney Dur-
ham, of Greensburg, is present.

GRAND JURY.

E. B. Clarkson, Ed. Ross, C. W.
Stallings, S. S. Goodlett, J. T. Lay,
L. T. Spaulding, James Cull, Gabe
Keightley, Will Arnold, Grundy Dennis,
foreman; Thos. Jenkins, P. B. Prather.

PETIT JURY.

C. W. Oder, John A. Coulter, Thos.
Duncan, Jas. P. Gregory, W. H.
Smith, T. F. Kidwell, Ab. Walker, S.
G. Logsdon, Wm. Harmon, H. M.
O'Nan, Col. Cambron, John Waters,
G. B. Pope, G. W. Sparrow, J. F.
Thompson, R. L. Montgomery, Richard
Carrey, W. B. Shehan, Mike Troutman,
W. G. Grundy, J. W. Best, C. D. Mil-
ler, J. P. Edeken, J. W. Tucker.

Court Day Sales.

S. M. Campbell, auctioneer, reports
the following county court day sales:
Twelve steers, two-year-olds, for W.
B. Hatchett for \$30.25 per head; one
cow and calf, \$40; one cow and calf,
\$32.50; one good stripper cow, \$35; one
sow and pigs, \$19; one sow and pigs,
\$20.50; one sow and pigs, \$35.25; one
mule, \$83; one pair mules, \$165; one
mare, \$112; one mare, \$117.50; one
mare, \$85; one mare, \$75; one pony,
\$50; one pony, \$75; one bay horse,
\$65.50, one bay horse, \$112.50.

Train to Leave Later.

Hon. C. C. McChord has received a
communication from Mr. C. B. Phelps,
Supt. Transportation L. & N. R. R.,
stating that after June 2 the morning
passenger train will leave Springfield
at 5:50, thirty minutes later than the
present schedule. It will arrive in
Louisville at 8:10, giving ample time
for connections with all trains leaving
Louisville. This change meets with
the approval of the citizens of this
place, and when the evening train is
"released" from that "occasional
delay" of thirty minutes at the Junction
for passengers on the Knoxville branch,
we will be delighted with our train
-ryce.

Cure For Galtstones.

The following simple remedy has
been given The Sun with the request
that we print it. It is said to be al-
most a certain cure for gallstones.
Hard cider and the best Olive Oil.
Take one tablespoonful of the oil in
two-thirds of a glass of cider before
each meal, and at bedtime.

Banks Close Thursday.

On account of Decoration Day the
banks of Springfield will be closed to-
morrow—Thursday.

DEBATE AT FENWICK.

A Live and Growing Local, Which is Doing Much Good.

An interesting and entertaining de-
bate was held at Fenwick last Thurs-
day night. The subject was: "Is Amer-
ica Free?" Those affirming were:
Miss Rattie Barker, Messrs. Jas. Janes
and Chas. Oder; the negative were:
Miss Lena Cecil, Messrs. Dan Thomp-
son and Dee Riley. The judges decided
in favor of the affirmative. Each
speaker made an excellent talk, and
produced strong argument in support
of their contentions. Misses Barker
and Cecil delivered well-worded and en-
tertaining addresses, which were very
much appreciated by the large audi-
ence. These young ladies are members
of the Fenwick local and are enthu-
siastic in the work of the movement. Mr.
Janes' talk was to the point and was
well and effectively delivered. Mr.
Oder's speech was convincing, and de-
livered in a manner which would make
it appear that he is an old-stager. Mr.
Thompson's talk, besides being argu-
mentative, was humorous, and kept the
audience in a "tickled state" from the
beginning to the conclusion of the
speech. Mr. Riley, although he an-
nounced that it would be impossible
for him to deliver a speech, made a good
one, and presented his side of the mat-
ter in a logical way.

The evening was enjoyed by all pres-
ent, and the next meeting, Thursday
night, June 6, promises to be attended
by a large crowd. The subject for de-
bate will be: "Was the Indian Treacher-
Worse than the Negro?"

The Fenwick local has over 100
members and is still growing. If we
had a local like it in every community
in Kentucky, there would be no doubt
about the success of the farmer in the
accomplishment of those things which
will be foggy goals.

Let us get together and make more
locals like the Fenwick local. The
meetings at Fenwick are always at-
tended by large crowds, because those
who attend always spend a profitable
and enjoyable evening.

Judge Cantrill.

Kentucky State Journal: There is a
rumor, apparently well founded, that
Judge Cantrill has decided to resign.
His son, Hon. J. Campbell Cantrill,
says that the Judge has had the matter
under consideration for some time, but
that he is not in a position to give a
positive answer in the matter.

We do not believe that Judge Can-
trill has a better personal or political
friend than the writer, and we are sure
that he and his family recognize that
fact. We supported him for Appellate
Judge over a life long friend at the
risk of the loss of that friendship, be-
cause we thought he deserved prom-
otion for his hard work and for what
he had suffered for conscience sake. He
is a grand man, and we love him and
we should like to see him fill the po-
sition to which a partial people elected
him, but it seems fully established now
that he will never be able to sit on the
bench again. As long as there was
the least hope of his doing so, it was
but natural that he should want to hold
on, and no fair minded man could raise
an objection, but this hope seems to
have been shattered and now for the
sake of the party that he has so de-
lighted to honor him and for his own
sake, we trust that the reports of his
resignation may prove true.

If Judge Cantrill, were a poor man
and had no one upon whom to depend
that was not able and willing to sup-
port him, there might be some excuse
for his holding on, but such is not the
case and his family should see to it
that the Republican charge that he
remains a pensioner on the State is
disproved. At any rate we are prom-
ised both by regard for him and them
and solicitude for the party to make
the suggestion which they are bound
to realize is by a friend, who has in
his humble way done what he could
to advance his political ambitions ever
since he offered for Lieutenant Gov-
ernor.

"HOWDYDO."

BOYS AND GIRLS, OF THE BLUE
GRASS TOURNAMENT, GLADLY
DO WE SURRENDER THE CITY
TO YOU—YOU WHO ARE EN-
DEAVORING TO ACCOMPLISH
THOSE THINGS WHICH GIVE TO
AMERICA ENLIGHTENMENT AND
TRANQUILITY—THOSE THINGS
WHICH MAKE NATIONS GREAT
AND MEN IMMORTAL—THOSE
THINGS WHICH HAVE CROWNED
A GREAT COUNTRY WITH LAU-
REL WREATHS AND DIADEMMS.
OUR HATS ARE OFF TO YOU!
OUR HEARTS ARE FULL OF LOVE
AND ADMIRATION FOR YOU, AND
IT IS WITH HAPPINESS—TRULY
GREAT HAPPINESS—THE KEN-
TUCKY KIND, THAT WE, ALTO-
GETHER, SAY: "HOWDYDO!"

NORTH BEND.

Owing to cold weather the tobacco
plants in this section will be very late,
but a short crop and a long price is far
better than a long crop and a short
price.

There is a unanimous desire in this
section of the county for W. C. Mc-
Chord to represent Washington county
in the next Legislature in order to pass
such laws as are necessary to better
protect the principles of the A. S. of
S.

On Saturday, May 18th, our corres-
pondent dined at the home of D. W.
Crouch, of "Possum Ridge," Washing-
ton county, Ky., and unintentionally
(of course) caused some trouble. Dur-
ing the conversation there was some-
thing said about "Possum Ridge," and
I told Mr. Crouch that W. C. McChord
had, in a conversation, stated publicly
that your correspondent lived on "Pos-
sum Ridge." The correspondent there-
upon denied it flatly when McChord
said in conclusion that he had never
found but one man that would own that
he had lived on "Possum Ridge."

To a casual thinker, it looks now as
if J. Rogers Gore will have a "weak
over" in the Fifteenth Senatorial Dis-
trict. There is one very commendable
principle about Mr. Gore; he doesn't
straddle issues but meets them like
"Teddy," fair and square. Whether
one agrees with him or differs from
him you do not have to get a search
warrant to find him, and when he goes
to the Senate we feel he will at least
do as he pleases, and he will not
"stain" the earth with "Gore."

A Romance of a Stocking.

Kentucky Standard: A young lady
engaged in a stocking factory, fearing
her chance of a life partner, wrote the
following and slipped it into the
toe of a gentleman's sock. "A
young lady, good looking and of some
means; would like to correspond with
the wearer of this sock, if he is single,
with a view to matrimony." A young
man bought the sock, and said:
"There's my chance." He wrote to the
young lady, offering himself as a
suitable party, and to his surprise re-
ceived this reply: "I have been mar-
ried eight years and have a family of
eight children." The man from whom
he bought the sock had never adverted
consequently they had laid on his
shelves for eight years.

A Sweet-Souled Martyr Wife.

Louisville Herald: For thirty years
an invalid, for thirty years an uncom-
plaining, sweet-souled and devoted wife
and mother, Mrs. William McKinley
is dead at Canton, where she will be laid
beside her martyred husband.

It is to the glory of the nation that
it can number among its citizens such
spirits as those of William McKinley
and his wife. His love for her was
proverbial, but all the devotion which
he lavished was not greater than the
joy and the inspiration he drank in
from the strong soul that dwelt within
this feeble body.

She will sleep beside him, now that
the great Angel has once more united
those whom he sometime sundered.
Both, having done their work, have
journeyed on, but the nation is better
for having known them for a little
while.

Subscribe For The Sun. \$1.00 year.

A New Produce House! At Willisburg, Ky.

We have opened a Produce House at Willisburg, Ky., and will pay the highest Cash Prices for all kinds of Produce. Bring us ALL of your Eggs and Chickens, and get CASH.

WE WILL BE FOUND AT THE OLD SUTHERLAND STAND. REMEMBER WE WANT ALL KINDS OF PRODUCE, AND WILL PAY CASH.

M. H. Jones & Co., Springfield, Ky.

SPRINGFIELD SUN



ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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"In writing to have your address changed always give the postoffice to which your paper is going as well as the postoffice to which you wish it sent."

For Representative.

We are authorized to announce Mr. W. S. T. Goodlett as a candidate for Representative from Washington county, subject to the action of the Democratic primary August 3.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For Senator—J. C. W. Beckham.
For Governor—S. W. Hager.
For Lieutenant Governor—South Trimble.
For Auditor—Henry M. Bosworth.
For Treasurer—Rudy Laffoon.
For Secretary of State—Hubert Vreeland.
For Superintendent of Public Schools—M. O. Winfrey.
For Attorney General—John K. Hendrick.
For Commissioner of Agriculture—J. W. Newman.
For Clerk of Court of Appeals—J. B. Chennault.
For Railroad Commissioner—C. C. McChord.
For State Senator—J. Rogers Gore.

THAT DECISION.

The decision of the Court of Appeals, removing the Mayor and other officials of Louisville from office, is meeting with approval by Democrats and Republicans alike throughout Kentucky. Things were rotten and a cleansing was needed.

Beyond the shadow of a doubt the methods employed to elect Barth and his gang were outrageous and disgraceful. The men who held these offices were no more entitled to them than the "President of the Republic of Mars," and the Court of Appeals was RIGHT when it said "NAY! NAY! Thou Shalt Not!" Gov. Beckham will appoint the best set of officers Louisville has had in a decade.

Then the cleaning up will begin.

The byways and the highways will be scraped, and the hedges will be pruned. Into the cesspool disinfectants will be sprinkled, and the glorious sunlight of that Happy Day will find its way into the crooks and corners of the Metropolis of the proud old Commonwealth.

To the penitentiary with the highwaymen!

To the gallows with the murderers!

When the new regime is given

the authority of Government in Louisville people may walk the streets without being in mortal fear of the crimson hand of the murderer. Police protection will be given to the people—not to the thugs and highwaymen.

And the methods of Kohn and O'Neal will be given a "quietus." And the Sarah Murphys will be sent to the penitentiaries for murdering mothers and their unborn babes.

Verily, the handwriting is upon the wall, and the letters flame in their boldness.

The decision of the Court of Appeals is a good thing for Louisville, a good thing for Kentucky, and a good thing for the Democratic and Republican parties.

The lawyer who put Judge Parker in nomination for President will defend Harry Thaw next September. It's a great pity that Judge Parker is to be dragged into this case.

Crop Conditions on May 1, 1907

The Crop Reporting Board of the Bureau of Statistics of the Department of Agriculture, from the reports of the correspondents and agents of the Bureau, finds the area under winter wheat remaining in cultivation on May 1st to have been about 28,132,000 acres. This is 11.2 per cent., or about 3,533,000 acres, less than the area reported as sown last fall, and 5 per cent., or about 1,468,000 acres, less than the area of winter wheat reported as harvested last year.

The average condition of the growing winter wheat crop on May 1st was 82.9, as compared with 89.9 on April 1, 1907, 90.9 on May 1, 1906, 92.5 on May 1, 1905, and 85.5, the mean of the May averages for the last ten years.

The average condition of winter rye on May 1st was 88, as compared with 92 on April 1, 1907, 92.9 on May 1, 1906, 93.5, on May 1, 1905, and 89.5, the mean of the May averages of the last ten years.

The average condition of spring pastures on May 1st was 79.6, against 91.4 on May 1, 1906, 92.3 on May 1, 1905, and 89.2, the mean of the May averages of the last ten years.

Of the total acreage of spring plowing contemplated, 71.5 per cent. is reported as actually done up to May 1st, as compared with 63.9 per cent. at the corresponding date last year and a ten-year average on May 1st, of 65.

Of spring planting, 47 per cent. is reported as having been completed on May 1st, as compared with 53 per cent. on May 1, 1906.

DROPS TEN STORIES UNHURT.

"I Think I Caught Cold in Falling," Says Man When He Lights.

A fall down the elevator shaft from the tenth floor of the building at 14 West Seventeenth street, New York city, to the concrete cellar caused, Simon Dresher little more than inconvenience. Not a bone was broken, and the reported as having been completed on May 1st, as compared with 53 per cent. on May 1, 1906.

Friends And Friends.

The Commoner: There are friends and friends—several kinds of them, and the man in public life has a sample of each.

There is the personal friend—the friend who loves you, not because of what you stand for or oppose but because of what you are. His affection does not wax or wane with the rise and fall of issues. He is steadfast because his heart is knit to yours. What would life be without such friends?

Second—There is the business friend who has joint interests with you and who finds it to his advantage to preserve amicable relations. Such friends are useful.

Then there is the political friend, who is attached to you for political reasons, and of these political friends there are two classes—the one class embracing those who agree with you on some principle of government or upon some governmental policy, and the other class including those who belong to the same party. Issues furnish ties. In fact, ties that bind together those of like sympathies and like ideas are stronger than ties of blood. These friends are a source of strength to the reformer; they encourage him when the day seems dark and when "clouds conceal the shining sun." They bid him hope when the coming of the dawn can only be seen through the eye of faith. Such friends—God bless them—prove that man does bear the image of his Creator.

The organization friend is a numerous factor in the political world and must be counted in every conflict. Many, if not a majority, of every party go with the organization, support any platform that may be adopted and ask no questions about the candidates. They shout for you when the organization is for you and oppose you when the organization is against you.

These organization friends must not be confused, however, with fair weather friends. The fair weather friend may be found in society and in business as well as in politics; he smiles upon you when he thinks that a smile will bring him personal gain, and he turns the cold shoulder to you if there seems to be more money in doing that. He can not claim the virtues of the organization friend because the friendship of the fair weather friend is mercenary or at least selfish, while the organization friend puts his loyalty to his party above his personal views or interests.

But there is another friend—or so-called friend—who, lacking the courage to be an open enemy or because he thinks covert attack more effective, uses the sacred name of friend to do you injury. He professes to be solicitous about your welfare and is always worrying about your mistakes. Instead of advising you privately, he uses the public prints to assure you that he loves you in spite of your faults and weaknesses; he loves you so much that he sometimes intimates that your death or disappearance would be fortunate for you and that the party and the country might bear the calamity for your sake. He retails all the slanders that he can find, and when he can not find enough, he manufactures some and introduces them with "they say." He rolls as a "sweet morsel under his tongue" each unkind word which he can gather or invent, and in so doing expresses his regret that such injury or at least questionable charges should be made against you to whom he is so attached. He is sure that these charges will do you harm if he does not publish them, enlarge upon them and express his hope that they are exaggerated. He quotes misrepresentations of your utterances and expresses his doubt

whether you really used the language attributed to you.

His criticism coming as it does from "a friend," is given a more prominent place in the opposition press than it could secure if it came from an avowed enemy and thus does more harm. Every man who interests himself to politics has such professed friends to encounter as soon as he has influence enough to make it worth while for anyone to betray him.

The Bible furnishes us with an illustration of this kind of friendship: "And Joab said to Amasa, Art thou in health, my brother? And Joab took Amasa by the beard with the right hand to kiss him, and Amasa took no heed to the sword that was in Joab's hand; so he smote him therewith in the fifth rib." This experience has been repeated many times, but the wounds inflicted by Joab have not always been fatal.

CARDWELL.

A large crowd was out to hear Bro. Elmo Royalty preach at Mt. Freedom, Sunday morning and night. He gave a splendid talk for a poor preacher being only 18 years old.

We are having plenty rain at present some are setting tobacco, most plants are too small to set yet.

E. G. Holiday and E. T. Perkins were in Lawrenceburg last week on business.

Mr. and Mrs. James White, of Arthur, Ill., who was called here by the illness and death of Mrs. White's mother, Mrs. J. W. Perkins, returned home Monday accompanied by Mr. White's niece, Miss Mattie Patterson, of this place. Miss Patterson expects to stay until July.

Sanders & Co., received wool at this place Saturday at 25cts.

E. G. Holiday bought at Lawrenceburg one mare for \$100.

Uncle Harlan Milburn is very sick with heart trouble at this writing.

Several from here attended court at Springfield Monday.

W. L. Graham sold to J. W. Darling one mare and colt for \$150.

E. T. Perkins sold to Rev. Smith one cow for \$25 and bought from John Brewer one Registered Jersey for \$50.

W. L. Graham bought of James Darling, 35 ewes for \$7.50 per head with lambs thrown in.

R. A. Williamson bought of Squire Masters one milk cow for \$50.

Graham & Perkins sold one brown horse for \$75 to Edgar Thurman of Lebanon.

Ice Cream Soft Drinks

I have opened an Ice Cream and Soft Drink Parlor in the room formerly occupied by my saloon and I respectfully ask my friends to call upon me.

Cream will be furnished in Bulk Cheaper than you can freeze it.

C. L. PRICE.

SYCAMORE VALLEY.

We had quite a storm Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. B. H. Melloy and daughter, Miss Zelma, Mrs. John Armstrong and daughter, Miss Pearl, Mrs. Tom Baker and daughter, Miss Susie, and Mrs. J. D. Sutherland were in town Saturday.

J. D. Sutherland sold to Mike Fitzgerald one sow for \$9.00 and a sheep at 4 cents per pound.

Dr. W. T. Barnett, of Mackville, bought a nice mare from Otis Harmon for \$170.

B. P. Prather sold a bunch of cattle to Litvay and Fitzgerald.

J. M. Shields sold a cow to Mike Fitzgerald at 3 cents per pound.

Born, to the wife of Everett Scruggs, on the 19, a boy. To the wife of Otis Harmon, on the 23, a boy.

J. D. Sutherland spent from Saturday till Monday with his brother at Buffalo, Ky. He was accompanied home by his sister-in-law, Mrs. W. E. Sutherland.

The Messrs. Keeling, of near Willisburg, visited their sister, Mrs. Lee Settles, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Babe Riley are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Everett Scruggs, several days this week. Mrs. Riley has been very ill since she came here.

There will be a protracted meeting held at Hillsboro church some time in July by Rev. DeForest William, of Bible College, at North William, who is a minister of the Christian church, is a young man, but is quite smart. Everybody is cordially invited to attend.

Several from the Valley attended court at Springfield Monday.

Oliver, the little son of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Settles, is ill at this writing.

The Messrs. Inman visited the Messrs. Montgomery Sunday.

How to Make a Bean Sandwich.

To make a bean sandwich press a cupful of baked beans through a colander, mix with a tablespoonful of horseradish or tomato catsup, one teaspoonful of parsley or celery mixed fine and a quarter of a teaspoonful of made mustard and spread between thin slices of graham bread. Half a teaspoonful of onion juice is an improvement.

How to Make Nut Roll.

A powder for polishing the nails may be made by mixing half an ounce each of talcum powder, pulverized boracic acid and powdered starch. Then add ten drops of tincture of carmine. A nail rouge is made of half a dram of fine powdered carmine, a dram of fresh lard and twenty drops of oil of lavender.

How to Treat Swallowing of Pins.

If a child has swallowed anything sharp, like a pin or needle, do not give a purgative, but get the child to eat freely of sweet pudding or anything of that nature, which will imbibe the object and so prevent its injuring the child's inside.

Proposed Inland Waterway.

With the expenditure of not more than \$4,000,000 the United States government could connect the Mississippi river with the Missouri river and connect with the Missouri river the Mississippi river. The project is to connect the Rio Grande river at a point not far from the little city of Brownsville with its mouth with the Mississippi river at Donaldsonville, La., thereby utilizing the various navigable rivers of Texas with the Mississippi river, the Ohio river, the Missouri river and all their tributaries, joining together fully 8,000 miles of streams and canals in one vast system.

Quartz Glass From Crystal.

Dr. Arthur I. Day of the new geo physical laboratory, Carnegie Institution has discovered a method of manufacturing in large quantities quartz glass, which is obtained from molten pure rock crystal. This glass has been worth its weight in gold.

Death of Mrs. McKinley.

Canton, O., May 28.—Mrs. William McKinley died at 1:05 o'clock this afternoon. The transition from life to death was so peaceful and gradual that it was with difficulty that the vigilant physicians and attendants noted when dissolution came.

There was no struggle, no pain. Mrs. McKinley never knew of the efforts made for days to prolong her life, nor of the solicitude and hope against hope, of her sister and other relatives and friends, for her recovery.

At the McKinley home when death came there were present Secretary Cortelyou, Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Barber, Mrs. Sarah Duncan, Mrs. Luther Day, Justice and Mrs. William R. Day, Dr. Portman and Rixey, and the nurses.

"Mrs. McKinley lasted hours longer than we expected," said Secretary Cortelyou.

"Her vitality was wonderful," said Dr. Portman.

Mrs. McKinley's last words were for death. An attendant said to-night: "Mrs. McKinley would say, 'Why should I linger?' 'Please, God, if it be thy will, why defer it?' She would also say, 'He is gone and life is dark to me now.' Other kindred expressions fell from her lips."

Was Fined \$500.00

G. W. Thomson, of Savoyard, Ky., indicted by the Federal grand jury at Owensboro recently for re-using a previously cancelled postage stamp, pleaded guilty in the Federal Court at Louisville last week and Judge Evans assessed a fine of \$500 against him. Thomson paid the fine.

The defendant is prominent and well-to-do. He presently refused to discuss his trouble, so the officers say, and made no statement as to the motive prompting him to use a cancelled two-cent stamp. When called to the bar and asked for his plea he said: "Well the inspector says I am guilty." "That is not the question. What have you to say for yourself?" said Judge Evans. The defendant quietly replied that he wished to enter a plea of guilty.

First Principle of Life.

If you would have contentment, peace, joy and success give religious care to the physical person.

TEXAS.

Miss Zola Campbell, of Chicago, Ill., is the guest of her father, Mr. Wm. Campbell.

Miss Hattie Arnold was the guest of Miss Minnie Funk, near Lebanon last week.

Mr. Joseph Begley and wife were in Louisville Sunday.

Mrs. D. A. Crosby has returned home from Louisville.

Rev. R. L. Purdon has returned home from Jamestown, Virginia.

John Arnold, the four year old child of James Arnold, is very low with Membraneous croup.

Mr. Billy Russell had the misfortune to lose a very fine horse one day last week. Mr. Russell in trying to catch the animal caused it to run and it fell over a wire fence killing itself instantly.

Mr. Jno. D. Peterson bought of Geo. Moore one horse, price \$100.

We are glad to note that Mr. G. N. Campbell is improving.

Mr. Wilhelm Peterson and Miss Mattie Kimberlin were guests of the former's mother, Mrs. Clem Coanougher, Saturday and Sunday.

Master Henry Brady has been very ill but is now able to be out again.

The children of Mr. J. B. Mays have been very ill with mumps.

Several from here attended the Ice Cream Supper at Simitstown Saturday.

AN IMMENSE TRADE

During the past month I have had an immense trade on all kinds of hats, and I found it necessary to order another large shipment for next Saturday. Come in and see them on display Saturday.

I CARRY A FULL LINE OF BABY GOODS—HAVE IN STOCK A LARGE LINE OF PRETTY CAPS

Miss Willie Knott.
Opposite First National Bank.

Dr. J. M. Burton,
RESIDENT DENTIST.
Teeth Extracted Without Pain.
CROWN WORK A SPECIALTY.

All Dental Work Strictly First class. Springfield, — Ky.
Office in Hagan Block, up stairs.

Local News Notes.

We still pay cash for eggs and chickens at Campbell's.

FOR SALE.—A splendid family horse. Call on or write to Rev. G. W. LYON, Springfield, Ky.

Decoration Day services will be held at Rock Bridge next Thursday. A large crowd is expected to attend.

Come to Campbell's grocery for furniture.

OFFICE HOURS.—Dr. J. C. Mudd, announces office hours as follows: from 8 to 9 a. m., from 1 to 2 p. m. He can, from now on, be found in his office during these hours.

The A. S. of E. local at Texas has changed its meeting night from Friday to Saturday. There will be a meeting at that place next Saturday night.

Porch chairs and settees at Campbell's.

FOR SALE.—A two story business house in the town of Mackville, Ky., 24x30 feet, with 10 foot shed room, full length back yard with closet, 20 inch adjustable shelving. Will sell cheap. Direct me at Springfield, Ky.

THOS. J. GRAVES.

If you want your dinner supplies in time send us your orders by 9 at Campbell's.

NOTICE.—The Electric Light and Water Company will prosecute persons who enter their grounds without a ticket. Employees have been instructed to report the names of all parties guilty of such trespass, and warrants for their arrest will be sworn out.

30 pairs shoes and slippers from 25 cents up at Campbell's.

ANNOUNCEMENT.—In another column in this issue of The Sun will be found the announcement of Mr. W. S. Y. Goodlett for the Democratic nomination for the Legislature, subject to the action of the Democratic primary August 3. Mr. Goodlett made the race in a primary for this nomination two years ago. He has always worked for and supported his party nominees, and respectfully asks that his claims be given consideration.

NOTICE!

Having bought of C. W. Hagan his stock of Groceries, etc., I will continue the business at the same stand.

Will keep For the Trade a Fresh and Up-to-Date Stock of Everything Good to Eat. Country Produce Wanted. "A SQUARE DEAL IS MY MOTTO."

Bring me your laundry. I represent the Lebanon Laundry. Ask for Fehr's Tonic and all kinds of soft drinks. Call for what you want. Yours Very Truly,

W. P. LAWRENCE.

Personal Notes.

Visitors In and Out of Town.—A Round Up of the Week's Personal News.

—Miss Catherine Spalding, of Lebanon, spent Wednesday with Miss Bertha Hayden.

—Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Jones were in Bloomfield Friday.

—Mrs. Teresa Hagan and daughter, Miss Margaret, spent last week in Lebanon.

—Miss Eddie Shadr spent Sunday with her sister, Mrs. George Greene, of Louisville.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. Carl Litsey, of Lebanon, visited her parents here last week.

—Mrs. Ralph Boldrick and children visited relatives in Lebanon this week.

—Mr. Archie Mayes and wife, of Oakland, Cal., are visiting his parents here. Mr. Mayes has been away six years and his many friends are glad to see him.

—Mr. G. L. Smith, of Shelbyville, was here the first of the week on business.

—Mr. Dahoney, of Lebanon, spent Monday here.

—Mr. Harry Reed left Monday for Iowa, where he will make his future home.

—Mr. Evan Rogers, of Lebanon, was here a few days last week.

—Miss Annie Edelen spent Sunday in Louisville.

—Miss Ellen Wathen spent Tuesday at Nazareth.

—Miss Ellen Gregory has returned from Beaumont College at Harrodsburg, where she attended school.

—Mr. H. M. O'Nan spent last week at Tatham.

—Prof. Worley Vanglet and wife, of Tennessee, are guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Gray, of near town.

—Mr. George Robertson and Miss Bertha Hayden spent Sunday in Lebanon.

—Mrs. Robt. Riley, of near Williamsburg, has been ill of rheumatism at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Everett Scruggs, in the Pleasant Grove vicinity. Mrs. Riley is now better, but is not able to return to her home.

—Miss Emcee O'Nan, who has been attending school in Tennessee, is at home to spend vacation.

—Mr. Tom Edlen, of Louisville, is visiting his sisters here.

—Mr. Will Wharton spent Sunday in Louisville.

—Mrs. J. W. Lewis entertained at euchre in honor of Mrs. Bob Crume.

—Mr. and Mrs. John Mahon, of Lebanon, spent Saturday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Mayes, Sr.

—Mrs. Smith Barlow, of Bardstown, is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. S. Claybrook.

—Miss Mary Kenna, of Stanford, is the guest of Miss Ethel Searcy.

—Miss Ethel McClasky, of Bloomfield, is visiting Miss Viola Brown.

—Mrs. T. C. Campbell entertained several at euchre Tuesday.

—Mr. Richard Wathen, of Bardstown Junction, is the guest of relatives here.

—Mr. H. M. Grundy spent several days in Louisville this week.

—Mrs. Mary Grigsby, of Mooresville, left Tuesday morning for Kansas City to look after the settlement of her brother's, J. S. Monarch, estate. He, as announced in The Sun several weeks ago, was killed in a railroad wreck in that State.

—Rev. J. W. Carter and family, of Lexington, are visiting at the home of Mrs. Carter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Yankey, near town. Mr. Carter will leave next week for Indian Territory, where he will be engaged in a series of meetings.

—Mrs. Fred Hagan spent Monday and Tuesday in Bardstown, the guest of Mrs. Ben Johnson.

—Mrs. J. C. Talbot and Mrs. G. F. Carpenter spent Friday in Lebanon.

—Mr. Gilbert Carpenter, was in Louisville a few days last week on business.

—Miss Della Carpenter has gone to Indiana to visit relatives.

—Mr. R. H. McDroy, who has been ill for some time of stomach trouble, is at Tatham Springs this week. His friends hope that he may be benefited.

Women Exact Heavy Interest. An English woman says that women make much better bankers than men. That may be true. Did you ever know a man to borrow money from his wife and escape paying it back less than seven or eight times?—Washington Herald.

An Immense Line of Hats

I now have in stock an immense line of beautiful and Stylish Hats which will be sold for the next two weeks at greatly reduced prices. COME EARLY.

WILLIAMS
MILLINERY

Remember I am Over Peoples Bank

PLEASANT GROVE.

Prof. Stith Thompson spent Saturday and Sunday with his aunt, Mrs. Nat Thompson.

Mrs. J. S. Yankey attended the picnic at Fredericksburg Wednesday.

Mr. N. L. Curry was here Thursday. Misses Elenor Duncan and Isa Colvin visited Miss Sue Reed last week.

There will be a picnic at the Beech bridge June the six. Every one is cordially invited to come.

Mr. Leo Scally has returned to his home in Louisville after spending a week with J. O. Polin.

Mr. James Gregory spent Wednesday and Thursday in Harrodsburg.

Mr. Chas. Litsey was in Louisville Sunday.

Miss Mary Dawson of Bloomfield is visiting Miss Sue Duncan.

Misses Nancy Thomson, Francis Litsey and Sue Reed will spend this week with Miss Jennie Loehman.

A large crowd attended church at Hillsboro Sunday night.

Mrs. J. Y. Mayes and Mrs. Hugh Noe visited Mrs. S. C. VanArsdale last week.

Miss Sue Reed entertained Thursday evening in a most delightful manner.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Thompson spent several days in Louisville last week.

Mr. Wallace Duncan and his Aunt, Miss Anna Maratta, were here one day last week.

Sampson Spalding, Prof. Leo Godfrey Simms and Knight Handy attended the party given by Miss Sue Reed Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. James Duncan have returned to their home in Louisville after visiting relatives here.

There will be preaching at the Pleasant Grove Church next Sunday.

Mrs. Sam Evings has returned to her home in Boyle county after a three weeks visit to her daughter, Mrs. L. M. Gregory.

Mr. and Mrs. Decatur Drago spent Saturday and Sunday at Grundy orpanage.

Subscribe for The Sun. \$1.00 year.

Boys Killed While Fishing On Sunday.

Morrisstown, Ind., May 28.—An accident causing the loss of three lives occurred on the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton railroad bridge over Governor Blue river, one mile below here, today. Frank St. John, Orville Babb and Joseph Farchfield, aged sixteen, seventeen and eighteen, all of Indianapolis, were sitting on the bridge looking down into the stream below, when fast passenger train No. 37 bore down on them, sweeping all three into the river below. The bodies were horribly mangled. Relatives arrived to-night and took the bodies to their homes at Indianapolis. The young men had gone to Blue River Park last night to spend Sunday fishing in Blue river.

THE SUN \$1

THE LARGEST STOCK OF

Spring Clothing

Ever shown in Springfield is now on our counters Ready for your inspection

The size of the stock is not all we boast of. The makes are the best the Eastern markets afford. The patterns are the most desirable. We have



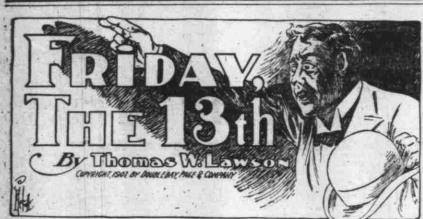
them to suit the Swell Dresser and for those desiring something plain and neat, but well tailored. THE STYLES ARE SNAPPY AND ATTRACTIVE and WILL APPEAL TO THE TASTES OF THE MAJORITY. We guarantee every Suit to be as represented. Come to us for your Spring Suit and get satisfaction.



YOU CAN GET ANY PRICE SUIT HERE. You have more to select from than you can find elsewhere and you can get them for less money.

We will Appreciate a Chance to Show You these Goods

The Robertson-Claybrooke Company, Inc.



A minute before the gong struck, there were 300 men jammed around the sugar-pole; men with set, determined faces; men with their coats buttoned tight and shoulders thrown back for the rush to win, by comparison, that of a football team is child's play. Every man in that crowd was a picked man, picked for what was coming. Each felt that upon his individual power to keep a clear head, to shout loudly, to forget nothing, to keep his feet, and to stay as near the center of the crowd as possible, depended his "door honor," perhaps his fortune, or, what was more to him, his client's fortune. Nearly every man of them was a college graduate who had won his spurs at athletics or a seasoned floor man, whose training had been even more severe than that of the college campus. When it was known before the opening of the exchange that there are to be "things done," in a certain stock, it is the rule to send only the picked men into the crowd. There may be a fortune to make or to lose in a minute or a silver of a minute. For instance, the man who that morning was able to snatch the first 5,000 shares sold at 140 could have resold them a few minutes afterward at 152 and secured \$60,000 profit. And the man who was sent into the crowd by his client to sell 5,000 shares at the "opening," and who got but 140, when the price would be 152 by the time he reported to his customer, was a man to be pitied. Again, the trader who the night before had decided that sugar had gone up too fast, and who had "shorted" (that is, sold what he did not have, with the intention of repurchasing at a lower price than he sold it for) 5,000 shares at 140 and who, finding himself in that surging mob with sugar selling at 152, could only get out by taking a loss of \$60,000, or by taking another chance of later paying 162—such a trader was also to be pitied.

No one who scanned the crowd that morning would have believed that the calm, set face on that erect Indian figure, occupying the very center of

have his bones picked to a future financial cleanliness.

Suddenly, as I watched the scene, there rang through the great hall the first sharp stroke of the gong. There were no echoes heard that morning. The metallic voice was yet shaping its command to "at 'em, you fiends" when from 300 throats burst the wild sound of the stock exchange yell. No other sound in any of the open or hidden places of all nature duplicates the yell of a great stock exchange at an exciting opening. It not only fills and fills space, for the volume is terrific, but it has an individuality all its own, coming from the fact that "take-me-I've-got-yours," from the aggressive, almost arrogant "you-can't-you-not-have-your-way," the confident "heaven-I-will" individual notes that enter into the whole, as they blend with the shrill scream of triumph and the disavowal note of disappointment, when the floor men realize their success or their failure. I picked Bob's magnificent resonant voice from the mass—740 for any part of 10,000 Sugar. The was this daring bid that struck terror to the hearts and filled the bulls with a frenzy of encouragement. Again it rang out—"45 for any part of 25,000," and a third time—"50 for any part of 50,000."

The great crowd was surging all over the room. Hats were smashed and coats were being stripped from their owners' backs as though made of paper, and now and then a particularly frail buyer or seller would be borne to the floor by the impetus of those who sought to fill his bid or grab his offer. Through all this wild whirl, straight and erect and commanding was the form of Bob, his face cold and expressionless as an iceberg. In five minutes the human mass had worked under the Sugar pole and through the inevitable joll while its members "verified."

I could see by the few entries Bob was making on his pad that he had been compelled to buy but little. This meant that his campaign was working smoothly, that he was driving the market up by merely bidding, and that he

talinity generates in deep nature and which usually finds vent in a few words. Beulah Sands was a study. Her heart was evidently swaying and tugging with the news Bob had brought her. She must have seen the intense strain release from the torture that had been filling her soul during the past three months, and yet such was the remarkable self-control of the woman, such her noble courage, that she refused to show any outward sign of her feelings. She was the reserved, dignified girl I had ever seen her.

"Jim, Miss Sands and I thought it best that we should have a little match up at this stage of our deal," Bob began. "I want to know if you both agree with me on adhering to the original plans to close out at 175. I never felt surer of my ground than in this deal. The stock is 153 on the tape right now." He glanced at the white paper ribbon whose every foot on certain days spells heaven or hell to countless men listening to the roar of the ticker in the corner of the office. "Yes, there she goes again—34, 4, 44, and 1,200 at a half. There is a tremendous demand for all quarters. Whether buying is unlimited; the commission houses are tumbling over one another to get aboard and the shorts are scared to a paralyzed stupor. I don't know whether to jump in and cover or to stand their present hands, but they have no plan to fight the risk that I have certain. The news bureaus have just published the story that I am buying for Randolph and Randolph, and they for the insiders; that the new tariff is as good as passed; and that the directors' meeting to-morrow the Sugar dividend will be increased, and that it has agreed on all sides they won't stop going until they cross 200. I've been obliged to take on only 15,000 of your 50,000, and at present prices there is over two hundred thousand profit on them. I think I could go back and in 30 minutes have it to 180. Then if I rested on until about one o'clock and threw myself at it for an hour or works up to the close, I could, under cover of them, let slip about half our purchases, and to-morrow open her with a whole lot of sugar. If I'm in luck I'll average 150-185 for the whole bunch, but I'll be satisfied if I get an average of 175, which would allow me to sell it on a dropping scale to 160."

I agreed that his campaign was perfect, and Beulah Sands said in her usual quiet way, "It is entirely in your hands, Mr. Brownley. I don't see how any advice from me can help."

Bob went back to the exchange and I into my office. Bob had been there again. In ten minutes the tape began to scream Sugar. With enormous transactions it ran up in 15 minutes to 185, three more it dropped to 181, and then steadily mounted to 185½, dulled up, and was healthy steady. Presently Bob was back and we sat down again.

"I've bought 20,000 more for you, Jim, on that bulge. I've 38,000 in all of the last 50,000, which leaves me 12,000 reserve. The average is 185. Under 75, and there must be \$400,000 for you in it now and a strong \$1,400,000 in Miss Sands' 20,000, and \$1,400,000 in our 20,000. They are all business to count chickens in the shell, but ours are tapping so hard to get out I can't help doing it this once. I'm going to keep away from the exchange an hour or so, then I'll go over and wind it up and—good God, Beulah—Miss Sands—are you ill?"

The girl's face was ashen gray and she seemed to be gasping for breath. I rushed for some water while Bob seized both her hands, but in an instant the blood came to her cheeks with a rush and she said, "I was dizzy for a moment. It must have been the thought of taking \$1,800,000 back to father that upset me. With that amount father could make good all the trust funds, and have back enough for his own fortune to make us seem, after what we have been through, much richer than we were before. Pardon me, Mr. Randolph, won't you, when I say—God bless you and every one whom you hold dear, do not forget me. What could I or my father have done but for you and Mr. Brownley?"

She turned her big eyes full upon Bob, filled with a light such as only come only to a woman's eyes, only to a woman before whom, as she stands on the brink of hell, suddenly looms her heaven.

Sharp and shrill rang Bob's exchange telephone. The ring seemed shriller, it certainly was longer than usual. Bob jumped for the receiver.

CHAPTER III.

He listened a moment, then answered, "Stand on it at 90 for 12,000 shares. I will be there in a second." He dropped the receiver. "Jim, we have struck a sugar bull," Perkins, whom I left on guard at the post, called. "Harry Conant has jumped in and supplied all the bids. He has it down to 81 and is offering it in 5,000 blocks and is aggressive. I must get there quick," and he shot out of the office.

I sprang for Bob's telephone. Perkins' quick. "What are they doing?" Perkins asked a moment later. "Conant has almost filled me up. He seems to have a hoghead of it on tap." "Buy 50,000 shares, 5,000 each point down; and anything unfilled, give to Bob when he gets there. He is on the way."

I shut off and turned to Miss Sands. "This is no time to stand on ceremony, Miss Sands. Harry Conant is Camemeyer's and Standard Oil's head broker. He being on the floor means mischief. He never goes into a big whirl personally unless they are out for blood. Bob has exhausted his buying power, and though I tell you that I don't believe in speculation and am in this deal only for Bob—and for you—I swear I don't intend to let the tape go until I have

him without at least making them swallow some of the dust they kick up. Please don't object to my helping out, Miss Sands. Ordinarily I would defer to your wishes, but I love Bob Brownley only second to my wife, and I have money enough to warrant a plunge in stock. If they should turn Bob over in this deal, he—well, they're not going to, if I can prevent it," and I started for the exchange on the run.

When I got there the scene beggared description. That of the morning was tame in comparison. A bull market, however, terrible, always is tame beside a bear crash. In the few moments it took me to get to the floor, the battle had started. The greater part of the exchange membership was in a dense mob wedged against the rail behind the Sugar pole. I could not have gotten within yards of the center of that crowd of men, becoming panic-stricken, if the fate of nations had depended on my errand. I had witnessed such a scene before. It represented a certain phase of stock exchange gambling procedure, where one man apparently has every other man on the floor against him. I understood Bob, and then all he was trying to stay the onrushing current of dropping prices; they bent on keeping the price gates open. He was backed up against the rail—just the Bob of the morning; not a vestige of that cold,

swallow some of the dust they kick up. Please don't object to my helping out, Miss Sands. Ordinarily I would defer to your wishes, but I love Bob Brownley only second to my wife, and I have money enough to warrant a plunge in stock. If they should turn Bob over in this deal, he—well, they're not going to, if I can prevent it," and I started for the exchange on the run.

When I got there the scene beggared description. That of the morning was tame in comparison. A bull market, however, terrible, always is tame beside a bear crash. In the few moments it took me to get to the floor, the battle had started. The greater part of the exchange membership was in a dense mob wedged against the rail behind the Sugar pole. I could not have gotten within yards of the center of that crowd of men, becoming panic-stricken, if the fate of nations had depended on my errand. I had witnessed such a scene before. It represented a certain phase of stock exchange gambling procedure, where one man apparently has every other man on the floor against him. I understood Bob, and then all he was trying to stay the onrushing current of dropping prices; they bent on keeping the price gates open. He was backed up against the rail—just the Bob of the morning; not a vestige of that cold,



"Mr. Brownley, Please Look on the Bright Side of This Calamity."

brain-nerve-and-body-in-hand gambler remained. His hat was gone, his collar torn and hanging over his shoulder. His coat and waistcoat were ripped apart, showing the length of his white shirt front, and his eyes were fairly mad. Bob was no longer a human being, but a monarch of the market, and in closing in upon him, in a great hall circle, the pack of harriers, all gnashing their teeth, baring their claws, howling for the kill. The hunter directly facing Bob, was Harry Conant—very slight, very short, a marvelously compact, handsome, sparkling figure, dressed in a pair of spurs, olive in tint, lighted by a pair of sparkling black eyes and framed in jet-black hair; a black mustache was parted over white teeth, which, though he was stalking his game, looked like those of a wolf. An interesting man at times was this Harry Conant, and he had been on more and fiercer battlefields than any other half-score men combined. The scene was a great one for a student of animalized man.

While every other man in the crowd was at a high tension of excitement, Harry Conant was as calm as though standing in the center of a twecore daisy field cutting off the helpless fowls' heads with every swing of his arm. Switching stock gamblers into sterner and more deadly games, and sterner had grown to be a pastime to Harry Conant. Here was Bob thundering with terrific emphasis "78 for 5,000," "77 for 5,000," "75 for 5,000," "74 for 5,000," "73 for 5,000," "72 for 5,000," seemingly expecting through sheer power of voice to crush his opponent who was left on guard at the post, of a trip-hammer Harry Conant's right hand, raised in unheeded gesture, and his clear calm "Sold me Bob's every share at 72. It was a battle royal, a king on one side, a Richelieu on the other. Though there was frantic buying and selling all around these two generals, the trading was gauged by the trend of their battle. All knew that if Bob should be beaten down by this concentrated modern finance dev, a panic would ensue and Sugar would go none could say how low. But if Bob should play him to a standstill by exhausting his selling power, Sugar would quickly soar to even higher figures than before. It was known that Harry Conant's usual master, from his clients, the "System" men, for such an occasion as this was out was "Break the price at any cost."

On the other hand, every one knew that Randolph and Randolph were usually behind Bob's big operations, and was evidently one of his biggest, and every man there knew that Randolph & Randolph were seldom backed down by the tape. It was a battle royal, a king on one side, a Richelieu on the other. Though there was frantic buying and selling all around these two generals, the trading was gauged by the trend of their battle. All knew that if Bob should be beaten down by this concentrated modern finance dev, a panic would ensue and Sugar would go none could say how low. But if Bob should play him to a standstill by exhausting his selling power, Sugar would quickly soar to even higher figures than before. It was known that Harry Conant's usual master, from his clients, the "System" men, for such an occasion as this was out was "Break the price at any cost."

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and got it. I saw a quick flash of pain shoot across his face, and realized that, a probable meant he was not hearing the dice of his last order. I sized it up that there was deviltry of more than usual significance behind this selling movement; that Harry Conant must have unlimited orders to sell and smash. My final order of 50,000 brought our total up to 150,000 shares, a large amount for even Randolph & Randolph to buy of a stock selling at nearly \$200 a share. I then and there decided that whatever happened, I would go no further. I said that Bob's wild eye caught mine, and there was in it a pitiless appeal, such an appeal as one sees in the eye of the wounded doe when she gives up her attempt to swim to shore and waits the coming of the pursuing hunter's canoe. I sadly signaled that I was through. As Bob caught the sign, he threw his head back and belched a deep, hoarse "70 for 10,000." I knew then that he had already bought 40,000, and that Bob was the last ditch stand. Harry Conant must have caught the meaning, too. Instantly, like a revolver report, came his "Sold." Then the compact miniature mass of human springs and wires, which had until now been held in perfect control, nudging burst from its clamp and Harry Conant was the fiend his Wall Street



reputation pictured him. His five feet were rising straight up to the height of a giant. His arms, with their fate-pointing fingers, rose and fell with bewildering rapidity as his piercing voice rang out—"3,000 at 68, 65," "10,000 at 63," "25,000 at 60." Pandemonium reigned. Every man in the crowd seemed to have the capital stock of the Sugar trust to sell, and at any price. A score seemed to be bent on selling as low as possible in need of for as much as they could get. These were the shorts who had been punished the day before by Bob's up-lift.

Poor Bob, he was forgotten! An instant after he made his last effort he was the dead cock in the pit. Friendly gamblers of the stock exchange have no more use for the dead cocks than have Mexicans for the real birds when they get the fatal gall. The day after the contest, or even that same night at Delmonico's and the clubs, these men would mourn for poor Bob. Harry Conant's mean would be the loudest of them all, and what is more, it would be sincere. But on battle day away from the dump with the fallen bird, the bird that could not win! I saw a look of deep, terrible agony spread over Bob's face; and then in a flash he was the panic was in full swing, but passed on the right thing in all circumstances. To the astonishment of every man in the crowd, let loose one wild yell, across between the war-whop of an Indian and the bay of a deep-lunged bound regaining a lost scent. Then he began to throw over Sugar stock right and left, in big and little amounts. 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